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THE CASKET OF DIAMONDS;
OR,
HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE.
BY GAYLE WINTERTON.

CHAPTER I.

A KNIGHTLY YOUNG DEFENDER.

"H, but you are going to take my

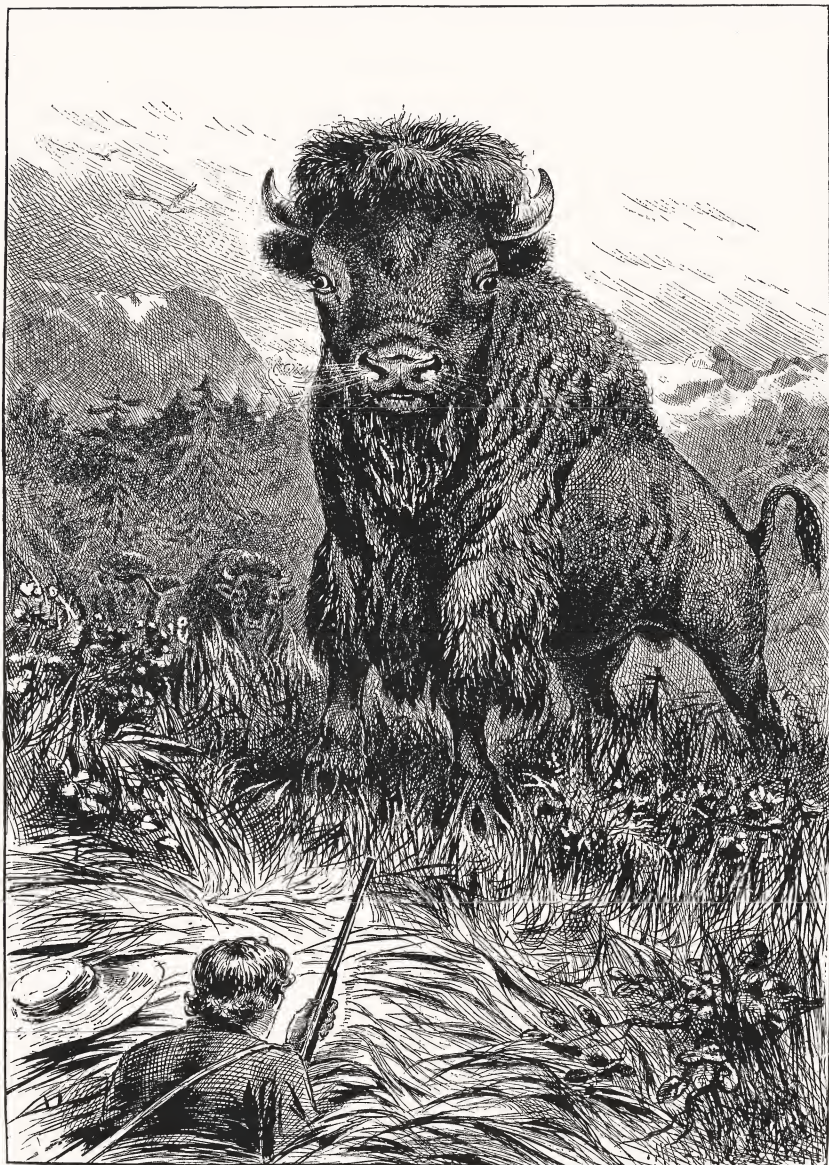
This was the reply made by Miss H. Everton.

One might have looked the whole of New York over without finding a

"H, but you are going to take my arm, any way, Miss Hope?" Thus spoke Rush Sinnerton, a swellish looking young gentleman of eighteen.

"I will not take your arm, Rush, and I don't wish you to go with me."

One might have looked the whole city of New York over without finding a more beautiful maiden of sixteen. She was prettily, though not elegantly dressed. Her form was simply perfect. Her features were regular, and an artist would have given half his fortune, if he had any, for the privilege of making her



BUFFALO HUNTING—AN EXCITING MOMENT. SEE PAGE 275.

THE STRUGGLE WITHIN.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
 One little life is kept in equipoise
 Between opposite attractions and desires;
 The struggle of the instant that enjoys,
 And the more noble instinct that aspires.

[This story commenced in No. 275.]

Three Thirty Three;

OR,

ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

Author of "Eric Dane," "The Heir to Whitecap," "The Defend Boys," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MAN IN THE PLAID ULSTER AND THE GIRL IN THE RED HOOD.

"How—what do you say?"
 He suddenly awakened, gawking at the man, rubbed his eyes, stifled a yawn, and looked up at Arthur inquiringly.
 "I asked if you were not Mr. Paul Beaver?" repeated the latter, trying to decide whether the other's voice was a new one or not.

"Paul Beaver? Why no, never heard of the name. My name is Benjamin Gray. Do I look like Mr. Beaver?"
 "Ahem, I'm sorry for him," said the red-haired gentleman smiling pleasantly at his own reticence.

"Yonkers" called out the brakeman.
 "There's something queer about this," thought Arthur, rapidly.
 "If this fellow doesn't know Beaver, what is he doing with his trunk? I've half a mind to go to Tarrytown, so as to have chance to investigate further. I can pay the extra fare when the conductor comes along."

The half mind became a whole one when he discovered that the large lady was a Yonkers passenger, and that her departure left him the chance of continuing conversation with Mr. Gray more comfortably. So he slipped into the vacant seat and soon as her skirts had cleared the space.

"Oh, don't know Mr. Beaver very well," he said, replying to the other's question, "but I want to see him on a matter of business. He isn't a personal friend, whose looks I could easily remember."

"What made you take me for him, then?" asked Mr. Gray quickly.
 "Poor Arthur! He ought to have been prepared for this question, but he wasn't."

"If I tell him that I've been acting the part of a spy on Beaver's trunk," he reflected, "he'll get on his hands. But how else can I explain matters? It's at least two seconds since he's asked me the question now. I've got to answer something, so here goes."

"As I said," he began aloud, "I've only seen Mr. Beaver once or twice for a few minutes at a time, and when I was in the baggage room at the Grand Central I noticed that you checked his trunk. And I've been looking for you and him ever since. The matter on which I wish to see him is very important."

"You say, young man, that I've somebody else's trunk?"

"Mr. Gray turned around on Arthur so sharply that the latter shrank back, a little startled."

"Well, as you are not Mr. Paul Beaver, and as I am positive it was his trunk I saw you check, I look very like him."

Arthur forced a smile with this response. As a matter of fact, he was in anything but mirthful humor. He felt that with every word he uttered he was committing more and greater blunders.

"I saw a whole family of cats out of the bag," he said to himself, "and if some of 'em scratch me, I shall get off lucky."
 He was, therefore, immensely relieved when the other began to laugh.

"Well, that's none of my affair," said "Won't Hester run me when I tell her of it? I must go to the baggage master and see about having the mistake rectified. Once, I beg your pardon," and hurriedly rising, Mr. Gray squeezed past Arthur, and left the car by the forward door.

At the same moment the conductor came

along, asked Seymour for his ticket. Of course, having bought one for Yonkers, he was now compelled to put his hand in his pocket to pay for the distance he had ridden beyond that town.

"Is it possible I have come all this way on a wretched close chair?" he said to himself, as he counted out enough money to carry him to Tarrytown.
 "But that fellow's voice, or one very like it, I have certainly heard before. Can it be that it is Beaver himself in disguise?"

Inspired by the thought, Arthur made a rush for the door and hurried through the train towards the baggage car. But before he reached the latter a stop was made at a small place between Yonkers and Tarrytown.

It was a very brief one and almost before they had come to a standstill the wheels of the train were in motion again.

"I have a hunch," said he, "of the possibility that suddenly flashed over Arthur. He ducked his head so as to look out of a window and caught fleeting glimpses of a plaid ulster.

With a bound he rushed for the nearest door, as the roadway was as yet very slight, swinging himself to the ground before the rear car was clear of the platform. But when he turned around the man in the ulster had vanished.

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After another searching glance around the apartment, Seymour shrugged his shoulders and went outside again. The sight of the little girl with the perambulator, who was within speaking distance, suggested a new method of gaining some light on the mystery.

"Did you see anybody get off that train that just went up toward Tarrytown?" he inquired of her, taking off his hat with great politeness. The girl stopped and stared at him with round eyes and open mouth for an instant, then said, "Oh, yes, I did see somebody jump off."

"Good. Where did he go? What became of him?"

Arthur was so very eager that the little girl became somewhat nervous and stepped around in front of the perambulator with a show of defending her charge from a possibly impending onslaught.

"You don't you know where he went?" she asked innocently.

"Of course I don't," and the girl actually looked as if she were about to laugh in his face.

"But it's very important that I should find the man," Arthur replied, inclined to be rather provoked at the little girl's manner. Besides, he felt that each moment was so much precious time lost from the chase.

Now the child was really laughing, and al-

"Hold on," interposed Arthur, "I didn't want you to describe my looks. It may grow to be embarrassing, you know."

The girl said nothing, but stared first at the dime in her hand and then at Arthur.

Suddenly an unwelcome light broke in on the latter.

"Great Hercules!" he exclaimed. "I believe I was meek you saw get off that train." "Yes," was the meek reply. "That's what made me think it funny for you to ask."

CHAPTER XII.

ARTHUR TAKES ACTIVE MEASURES.

"WONDER if I hadn't better offer my services to Pinkerton as a detective of the most original methods yet invented, so as to be actually able to shadow my own movements."

This reflected Arthur after the humiliating discovery recorded at the close of the preceding chapter.

"But that Beaver-Gray, however he is, this doesn't explain what became of him," he quickly reflected.

Then turning to the little girl again, who had meanwhile been regarding him with a strange mixture of amusement and awe, he said, "It was terribly stupid of me not to remember

seen me get off the cars as well as the next man. But are you sure you didn't see anybody else?"

"Yes, I saw another man, but he wasn't getting off the train. He got on the next car, when it was going real fast."

"Did you notice what color coat he had on?" Arthur spoke breathlessly, calling me an idiot, a donkey, a jackass, of the first water? That fellow must have seen me walk off, and then he said, 'I saw another man, and then he swung himself back on to the rear car.' No wonder couldn't see him anywhere about the station. I dare say if I had looked after the train I might have seen a view of the car dancing a jig or derision on the back of the man."

Arthur was so thoroughly disgusted with what he had just heard, that he turned his back against the nearest telegraph pole, and fell to kicking the gravel with the toe of his shoe like a disgusted school boy.

"But I won't give up," he muttered after a minute, as the thunder of an approaching train, northward-bound, shook the earth.

"That very act of his shows him to be a factious fellow."

where his trunk is checked, and—much to the satisfaction of the station like a flash, and Arthur's spirits flared again.

"How long will I have to fret and fume in this half horse place?" he asked himself, then deciding that the ticket agent was a more proper person to whom to apply, he called out; "Good by, and much obliged" to the little girl, and hastened once more to the waiting-room.

Here he ascertained that the next train for Sing-Sing would not be along for an hour.

"Time enough for me to get some dinner," Arthur reflected, "and to telegraph mother, northward-bound, shake the earth."

"That very act of his shows him to be a factious fellow."

"But isn't there any place around here where I could get something to eat?"

"There isn't any place, and the boarding houses aren't open this time of year."

But after a little further conversation the ticket agent thought his wife could tide over friend over his predicament, and he left less than an eighth of a mile from the station,



"I'VE COME ALL THIS WAY FOR YOU AND I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU GO," CRIED ARTHUR.

"Well, that's the queerest!" he exclaimed, looking at the girl, who had just taken a half a fly and then discovered that it had magically disappeared.

"Perhaps he's gone into the waiting room," and Arthur hastened to investigate. But the interior of the little station was as quiet as a farmer's bedroom at midday in hay-making time. There was not even the click of the telegraph instrument to break the silence and Arthur was obliged to speak twice before he succeeded in attracting the attention of the ticket agent, who was deeply absorbed in his account book.

"Did you see a gentleman get off the train that just went by?" he inquired.
 "The Croton accommodation, you mean?"

"Yes, if that's what you call it. Did anybody come in here but get off it just now?"

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though Seymour had the highest respect and regard for the girl, he never felt as much like shaking anybody in his life as he did that little girl in the red hood.

"Can't you tell me which way the gentleman went?" he persisted, trying to stifle his wrath.

The girl's face suddenly sobered and she began backing away from her questioner, passing the perambulator behind her.

"Great heavens!" muttered Arthur, under his breath, "can that child be an accomplice of Beaver's? Is it possible he has bribed her not to betray him?"

The notion was too preposterous to be entertained for a moment. Nevertheless it hurried after the retreating young lady and holding it up so that she could see the sunshine glitter on its silveriness, said coaxingly: "You like chocolate creams, I know, and there must be a candy shop within a mile or so. I'll give you this so that you can make yourself a present of some of your quill fooling and tell me straight out what that fellow looked like and which way he went."

"Oh, I can tell you what he looked like," answered the girl, adding, with a quick catching of her breath: "Maybe he is your twin brother and it didn't happen to be looking when he went away."

"My twin brother! What on earth do you mean?"

"Why he had on the same kind of hat, and a coat with a cape to it just like yours, and he wasn't any taller, and his hair was the same color."

he silently extended to his



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FRANK A. MURPHY, PUBLISHER,
101 N. WABASH STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

A MADE OVER MAN.

From time to time the ARGOSY has noted the wonderful achievements of modern surgery. But wonders in this direction seem never to cease.

The latest marvel is the case of a railroad man, described in the *New York Herald*, who, some right arm, both legs and five ribs were broken a year ago, but who is now up and able to travel about the country quite a cheerful frame of mind.

We say he has been up, but in deference to strict accuracy we must add that since he rose from his six months' confinement he has not been able to lie down. He is obliged to carry his head in an iron mask, and his right arm has now a silver joint; but notwithstanding these and a few other minor drawbacks, he calls himself at present "a well man, only a little nervous and restless."

Verily nowadays, armed with an accident insurance policy, and cheered by the knowledge that even broken necks can be made whole, again, the most timid need not shrink from traveling on single track roads.

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TONES THAT KILL.

SPEAK kindly. This advice has a trifle sound to us, we acknowledge, when the man is ever forgetting and transgressing, words of warning and suggestion are never stale, because always needed.

The gift of speech is the grand distinguishing mark between human beings and the brutes. How careful should we be then to make a proper use of it!

A scientific journal cites the case of a woman, who, in order to shame her husband for a hasty utterance, answered the call of her canary bird in a sharp and angry tone.

The bird, to whom she had never before spoken otherwise than lovingly, fluttered to the floor of the cage, and within five minutes was dead.

If dumb creatures are so sensitive to harsh words what pains should we not take to avoid wounding our fellow mortals, many of them weaker and less advantaged than ourselves, by thoughtless or passionate speech!

WHAT MONKEY WENT BY.

It is said that one of New York's most noted millionaires once remarked that he could wear but one suit of clothes at a time and had no spare capacity for food than his poorer neighbor, so that really he could not expend on himself, in one sense of the word, over and above a certain fixed sum, no matter how much more he might possess.

Another very wealthy man, on being asked when he was the happiest hour of his life, replied that he must sit it back of the time when he began to be recognized as a capitalist. He said that memory must carry him back for it to his twenty first year, when he had saved up \$800 and had an annual income of \$500. Then a little further ahead, to twelve months later, when he had married and secured a little cottage for himself and wife. Returning home to this after his first day's work succeeding the wedding, to find the evening meal, prepared by the hands

of her he loved, ready on the table set against the wall in that plain little kitchen—"I would give every dollar of the wealth that has flowed in upon me," he affirmed, "for the joy of the hour of that June evening in the long, long ago."

THE VALUE OF WORK.

WHEN early this year the appropriation for the carrying on of convict labor at New York's State prison at Sing Sing ran short, the warden of the jail did not dare tell the prisoners before that on such a day work in the shops would be discontinued. He feared that, dreading the consequent idleness that must ensue, they would plot together for an uprising. The news, therefore, was not imparted to them until after they had been securely lodged in their cells on the night following the last day's labor.

This incident proves beyond dispute the blessedness of labor; but, alas, too often must man become a law breaker to realize it!

Idleness wears a mask. At first glance he may seem very attractive, but on closer acquaintance the mask is dropped, and the disquietude is complete.

This we see that work is not only a duty; it is a refuge from unwholesome night.

LEFT OVER MINUTES.

A PORTUGUESE agent who had something to say concerning ways to make money. This week we wish to throw up a few hints on the acquisition of fame.

A writer in an evening paper recently undertook to prove how even the busiest people can find time to read or study on some particular subject, the thorough mastering of which may in the end win them recognition and honors from their fellows. It is by using the odd minutes, while waiting for dinner or tea, time which would otherwise be expended in idleness.

"Oh, what is the use of commencing anything now?" the thought may be: "I'll have to drop it right away."

But drops of water make up the ocean and grains of sand the desert; the loftiest buildings are built brick by brick, and the writer mentioned instances, such men as Garfield, Gladstone, Disraeli and Edwin Arnold, who achieved greatness in their several lines by utilizing these despised "left over minutes."

THE FAIRY WAVE OF SCIENCE.

We whose lot is cast in the present age of mechanical marvels need not to turn to fairy tales for our inspirations. We live in the very midst of them, although familiarity may have dulled our senses to a realization of the fact.

What would Napoleon, or Frederick the Great or the first Napoleon have said had they been informed that it was possible to send an important message to one of the general headquarters of miles away, in less than a hundred seconds, whereas the intervening distance be land or water?

The other day in Georgia a tree was cut down in a clearing, which was then used as a converted into a printed newspaper. In commenting on the achievement a contemporary suggested that had such a feat been performed in the middle-ages it would very likely have been looked upon as the result of sorcery.

YOK POPUL.

THERE is no diminution in the number of letters that come to us daily, testifying in the most outspoken and sincere fashion to the high esteem in which the ARGOSY is held by its readers. We herewith print selections from the current week's mail:

TAUNTON, MASS., Feb. 18, 1888.
I take the ARGOSY, and I am a subscriber, and words cannot express how I like it.

CHRISTIANBURG, VA., Feb. 18, 1888.
I would not give your paper for any other paper. I don't see anything like it. I would give it to my friends, and they one and all pronounce it to be one of the best boys' papers that I have.

CRANTON, K. L., Feb. 18, 1888.
The ARGOSY is a very better and better one than I am recommending it to my friends. I don't see anything like it. I would give it to my friends, and they one and all pronounce it to be one of the best boys' papers that I have.

XENIA, O., Feb. 24, 1888.
I consider the ARGOSY the best paper on record, and I don't see anything like it. I would give it to my friends, and they one and all pronounce it to be one of the best boys' papers that I have.

RICHAED ANDERSON.

HON. PHILETUS SAWYER.

United States Senator from Wisconsin.

One of the best known and most popular statesmen in the Northwest is Philetus Sawyer, the senior Senator from Wisconsin. He is one of the men whose energies have helped to make that prosperous section of the Union what it is, and who have grown wealthy together with the country they have enriched. It is not his wealth, however, that gains for Senator Sawyer respect and admiration; he is known, it is his good qualities of head and heart, his sterling integrity, his practical wisdom, his shrewdness and humor. Though neither an accomplished scholar nor a brilliant orator, yet his fellow senators recognize him as one of the most business-like and sagacious members now serving in the national legislative council.

He was born at Whiting, Vermont, on the 22d of September, 1816. His parents moved to New York during his infancy, and then spent his boyhood and early manhood were passed.

Thus we see that work is not only a duty; it is a refuge from unwholesome night. Success did not come to him easily and rapidly; it was won by long and arduous labor. He received a common school education, and from his fifteenth to his thirtieth year his work was in the hardest kind of work. His motto was industry and frugality, and he was able to manage to save somewhat more than two thousand dollars.

With this amount he determined to emigrate to the north-west. Getting his capital together in gold, he sewed the bulk of it into a belt which he fastened around his waist, reserving a hundred dollars to pay the expenses of the journey. But on counting his money over again, he found that he had made a mistake, and had only ninety-nine dollars in hand. His brother was at that time much richer than himself, and from him Philetus borrowed a dollar to make up the sum which he thought he would need.

He made his way to the lumber region of Wisconsin, which only a few States in the following year. His capital was invested in establishing a saw mill, and in the purchase of timber land. His natural shrewdness and foresight now came into full play, and all his enterprises were successful. His mill was profitable, his lumber trade grew in value. He worked hard and ever, and every penny that he saved went to add to his acreage.

His integrity was as marked as his industry. Occasionally other lumber men would ask him to join them in some extensive project; but he suspected that anything verging upon unfair dealing was contemplated he invariably declined.

Mr. Sawyer took a warm interest in politics, and was among the earliest members of the Republican party in Wisconsin. He was elected to the Wisconsin Legislature, and served another term in 1861. In 1863 his fellow citizens of Oshkosh chose him as their mayor, an office which he held for two years in succession.

During the second year of his mayoralty he was delegated to the National Republican Convention at Baltimore which renominated Abraham Lincoln. On returning to Wisconsin, he was nominated for a seat in Congress. At first he declined the proffered honor, and only accepted it when pressed by the leaders of his party. But when once a candidate, he used every effort to win, and was successful. He was four times reelected, and served continuously from the Thirty Ninth to the Forty Third Congress.

For many years after he was to Congress he was, while at home, with his own hands

in his saw mill; indeed this is said to have been the favorite amusement of his vacations. The story is told of a rich Chicago merchant who went to Oshkosh to interview Mr. Sawyer, whom he did not know by sight. He was directed to the saw pit, where he found a stout, stout man, in his shirt sleeves and wearing blue overalls, hard at work felling a saw.

"I'm looking for Mr. Sawyer," said the visitor.

"That's my name," replied he in the pit, stopping to wipe the perspiration from his face. "I mean Mr. Philetus Sawyer," the merchant went on.

"That's my name," repeated the stout, stout man; "what else I do for you?"

"Well," said the other, somewhat taken aback, "I didn't expect to find you the sawpit."

"No?" said Sawyer, and added, "why not?" which was entirely unanswerable.

Here is another characteristic anecdote, which is related by the senator himself: I met my brother in New York a few years ago. "He had not prepared as I thought," he said, "and was then looking around somewhat anxiously for \$1000 in order to meet an impending obligation. He spoke of it to me, and I gave him the \$1000. We had both been down at the dollar."

He had loaned me so many years before. But afterward I remembered it, reckoned up my fortune, found that every one of my original dollars had brought me in about \$180 more, and sent him a check for \$600 with a letter telling him to add it to the \$200 as the gains of that borrowed dollar."

Here is another instance of his generosity: He has long served on the Senate committee on pensions, and in connection with this duty he has maintained at his own expense a staff of clerks to investigate the cases of poor claimants, and to facilitate the settlement of those found to be deserving.

Mr. Sawyer has now been a Senator for over seven years. He first took his seat in 1881, and when his term expired, in March, 1887, he was reelected for six more years.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

BY WILLIAM WORKING.

Over impulse from a verbal word
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the words of man.
Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misrepresents the beautiful forms of things;
We murder to dissect.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men—
Sir Henry Taylor.

A canvas for sympathy is the common boundary line between joy and sorrow—*Philo.*

Excesses such as are, but occurs in our younger
brows grow cold in the older heads, and become
infertile—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Surely can enjoy the country who are capable
of thinking when they are there; then they are
prepared for solitude, and in that one solitude
is prepared for them—*Dryden.*

He that would be healed of his spiritual infirmities
must be reacquainted first with the world;
that soul can never enjoy God that is not
acquainted with the world—*St. Bernard.*

Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman—*repose in energy. The Greek battle pieces are called the heroes of the battle.*

I AM RICH.

Rich am I, when I pass
Mid the daisies on the grass,
Every daisy in my sight
Seems a jewel of delight!
Rich am I, if I can see
Treasure in the flower and tree,
And can hear 'mid forest leaves
Music in the summer breeze;
And I feel in my mood
That life is fair and God is good!

(This story commenced in No. 27.)

Mr. Halgrove's Ward;

OR,

LIVING IT DOWN.

By TALBOT BAINES REED.

Author of "Reginald Craden," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

"JEFF," said Percy, after a minute or two, "it's some use your staying here to get frozen; do go on."

"No, old fellow; I prefer your company to my own."

"But, Jeff, we may not last out till the morning."

"We won't give it up yet, though."

Jeffrey had great faith in the caloric power of Percy, especially for a boy of Percy's temperament. For himself he saw enough to guess that their position was desperate one. The ledge on which they sat was narrow and slanting, and the wind shifting gradually to the west, began to get round them menacingly, and cause them now and then to grip at the stones while a cold, specially furious gust blew past. Added to that, Percy's arm was probably broken, and, despite a makeshift bandage and sling, adjusted at imminent peril of injury, swept away in the operation, increasing his pain. "I must wrap them in that winding sheet, and freeze as it is!"

"He'll go down!"

"He'll go down!"

"Not long," said Jeffrey, "but a shudder, not wholly caused by the cold."

"An hour? He could bring them up in three hours, couldn't he?"

"Less, perhaps. We can hold out for three hours."

"Jeff, old fellow, do go; what is the use of you staying?"

"Harder work for the men to get two of us than one. It can't last long, I'm certain; it's chattering already."

"They relapsed into silence and listened to the storm as it dashed on the cliffs above them."

"In a quarter of an hour passed. Then Jeffrey felt the boy's head drop on his shoulder, and he knew before each answer, and said Percy."

"Percy, old man, no sleeping; said he, raising his head."

"I'm not sleeping; only wondering where I was."

"But his voice was drowsy, and the words droned out slowly and dreamily, and he was asleep."

"Jeffrey gave his companion a shake under the pretext of readjusting the wraps."

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"But his voice was drowsy, and the words droned out slowly and dreamily, and he was asleep."

"Jeffrey gave his companion a shake under the pretext of readjusting the wraps."

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"But his voice was drowsy, and the words droned out slowly and dreamily, and he was asleep."

Surely, though, the wind was abating. The dash overhead sounded a trifle less deafening; and the driving sleet, which an hour ago had struck on their faces, now froze their eyes. Yes, the wind was shifting and falling.

In the half minute which it took Jeffrey to make this discovery, Percy had once more fallen asleep, and it required a shake more prolonged than ever to arouse him.

"What!" said he, as he slowly raised his head, "are they here? Is father there?"

"No, old boy, but the wind is going down, and we may be able to move soon. Where did you feel in that cricket match you were telling me of?"

"Short leg; and I made two catches."

"Travo! Were they hard ones? Tell me."

"So for another half hour this struggle with sleep went on. Jeffrey had more to do than keep his companion awake. He accompanied every question with a change of position of his knees and arms, so that he might be able when the time came to use his limbs. It was little enough scope he had for any movement on that narrow ledge, but the lost no chance, and his self-imposed fetters held not only himself but Percy."

At last the roar on the cliffs changed into a surling sighing, and the gusts edged slowly but surely round behind the great buttress of the mountain.

"Percy," said Jeffrey, "we must try a move. Can you hold on steady while I try to get up?"

full white moon, flooding the mountain and the hills beyond with its pure light. They welcomed the light, for it showed them the way; but they would have sold the view twenty times over for a pot of hot coffee.

At the top they met the tail end of the gale spending its little remaining force on the mountain's back. It seemed like a baby zephyr compared with the tempest of a few hours ago.

The descent down the broad grass track with its slight covering of snow towards Sharnepohme, had little difficulty; but the jolting trier Percy's arm as the steep climb with all its exertions had done.

Jeffrey noticed that the boy's steps became more unsteady, and felt him lean with increasing heaviness on his arm.

"Percy, old boy, you are done up."

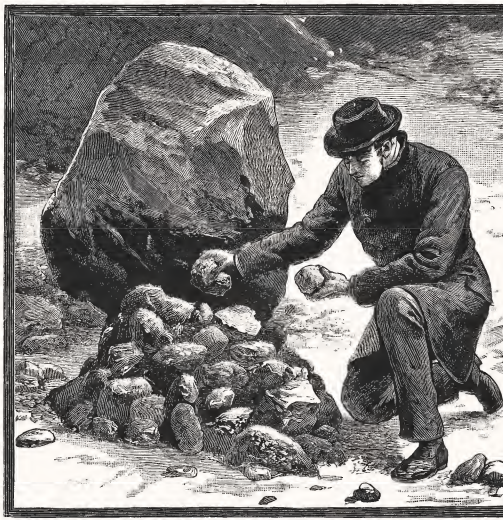
"No—I suppose we rest a minute or two; I shall be all right."

But while he spoke he staggered faintly, and would have fallen but for Jeffrey's arm in his.

"I think if you went on," said he, "I could rest a bit and follow slowly."

Jeffrey's answer was curt and decisive. He took the boy up in his arms as if he had been a baby, and, despite all protestation, carried him.

On level ground and under ordinary circumstances it would have been a simple matter. For Jeffrey was brawny and powerful; and the light weight of the slender, wiry boy was nothing.



POOK JULIUS'S MOUNTAIN GRAVE.

Percy was wide awake in an instant. "I can hold on, but my other arm is no good for scrambling."

"I'll see to that; only hold on while I get up."

It was a long and painful operation; every joint and muscle seemed to be congealed. At length, however, by dint of a tremendous effort, he managed to draw up his feet, and even to stand on the path.

He kicked up the earth so as to make a firm foothold, and then addressed himself to the most difficult task of raising the stiff and crippled Percy.

How he did it, and how he half dragged, half carried him back along the ledge to the firmer ground of the cliff, above them, he never knew. He always counted it as one of the miracles of his life, the fact that stronger than human arms had already helped him along his path, and which in this act showed that it still was with him.

To stand on that steep mountain path was, after the peril of that fearful ledge, like standing on a broad paved road.

"Where next?" said Percy.

"Over the top and down by the Sharnepohme track. Do you see the moon is coming out through the mist?"

"All serene!"

They were not much in the humor for admiring the wonderful beauty of the scene as the mist gradually cleared and above them rose the

air would have carried sound twice the distance. Yes, it was a cart or a carriage, and he could even detect the clatter of the horses on the hard road.

Possibly some benighted tumbler, or a mail coach.

He raised a shout which scared the sleeping rabbits in their holes and made the hill across the valley wake up.

The lights still moved on. He set Percy down tenderly on the grass with his coat beneath him. Then, running to the edge of the cliff, he halved the distance which separated him and the road, and shouted again.

"This time the clatter of the hoofs stopped abruptly and the lights stood still."

"It's all right, now; it's the night rang with echoes. Then, joyful sound! they rose from the valley an answering call, and he knew all was safe."

In a few minutes he was back again where he stood, now more awake, was sitting up, he roared, and listened to the hoofs which he repeated shouts still kept waking.

"It's all right, now; it's the night rang with echoes. Then, joyful sound! they rose from the valley an answering call, and he knew all was safe."

"They've come to look for us. I can walk, Jeff, really."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, and they'd be so scared if they saw me being carried."

So they started forward, the answering shouts coming nearer and nearer at every step.

"Walker and Raby's reply," said Percy, as a particularly loud whoop fell on their ears.

It was, and with him Mr. Kimbott and Scarfe.

When darkness came and no sign of the pedestrians, the usual unreasoning panic prevailed at Wildtree, increased considerably by Walker's and Raby's reply.

As to the mountaineering gards in which the missing ones had started, the terrible tempest which had attacked the face of Wild Pile had swept over Wildtree, and added a hundredfold to the alarm which, as hour passed hour, their absence caused.

Scarfe, arriving at home about one o'clock, found the whole family in a state of panic.

Mr. Kimbott had been out on the lower slopes of the mountain, and reported that a storm raged there before which nothing could stand.

The only hope was that they had been descending the back of the mountain, and taken refuge somewhere in the valley for the night.

The cart for the night, Mr. Kimbott and Scarfe started on what seemed a desperate venture.

For an hour or two they passed and re-passed the valley, and enquiring after every cottage and farm without result.

At last, just as they were resolving to give it up for the night, Appleby pulled up the horses suddenly and said he had heard a shout.

Instantly they jumped out and shouted as they had now following the direction of the shout.

As they went up the steep slope, they met Jeffrey, with the boy leaning on his arm, safe, but exhausted.

Neither of them retained a vivid recollection of that drive home.

Jeffrey was vaguely conscious of their calling on the way for the doctor, and taking him in the carriage. He also heard Scarfe say something to the effect that, in which something was added about the considerations and untrustworthiness of Jeffrey.

But for the rest he recalled back in his seat, scarcely conscious of anything but the rest and the warmth.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SCARFE PROMISES TO REMEMBER.

AT Wildtree, the now familiar scene of the household, the family, and the children, were gathered on the threshold, drove Jeffrey precipitately to his room.

A few minutes after he had reached it Walker knocked at the door.

"I'm not going to wait to tell this time," said Scarfe, in a voice that was loud and now.

"He's Mr. Spilgo's mixing, and will do you more good than the young lady's cup of tea. Come down with it."

Jeffrey had his doubts as to the comparison instituted between the two, but he had now enjoyed Raby's cup of tea more than this hot potion. Still it revived and warmed him.

"There's a fire in your bedroom," said Walker, "so you lost your way, did you, in the storm?"

"I'll tell you all about it tomorrow," said Jeffrey, "what about Master Percy?"

How is he?"

But no, the light—the lights there were two—were moving—springing rapidly on evenly.

Jeffrey stood still to listen. The wind had long since dropped into rest, and the clear night

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